

I'll cover you by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: 1930's Great Depression, F/M, More Characters to come as needed, mention of violence and murder

Language: English

Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Connie Frazier, Dustin Henderson, Holly Wheeler, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lonnie Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Martin Brenner, Mike Wheeler, Murray Bauman, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Murray Bauman & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Eleven | Jane & Dustin Henderson & Maxine Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler's world was nothing more than a living hell. Working endless shifts at the family run, barley anypay, motel, watching his little sister while his mother try's her hardest to become some life changing news reporter, his sister acting like a total bitch and leaving all the work on him..

But when he meets a quiet girl, her antisocial sister, and her war veteran of a adoptive father.. well, that's when things get interesting.

1. Prologue; Where it all begins

Author's Note:

My apologies if I get anything wrong.. English isn't my first language (which I don't really worry about when it's a one-shot, but since I'm planning to make this more than 1 chapter, I'm a little self conscious making this :-)

If there are any major mistakes, please point them out and I'll try and fix them

Indiana man shot and killed for money, 3 others injured

Micheal Wheeler sighed as he traced over the freshly inked newspaper article. 1 killed and 3 injured? Not something new of course, but that didn't make it any less disappointing.

Murders were not something uncommon. He can remember when he was only 8 years old, his mother had come home in tears, sobbing how her husband had just been shot along by another father from down the street.

He got the headlines for a solid 3 days after the event!

That was, of course, until another couple looking for somewhere to stay were mugged and stabbed soon after.

Unlikely enough, Hawkins, Indiana wasn't known that much for murders. Being a back water town that everyone would end up once in their life time, sure. But never really known for murders.

That's what made Hawkins so livable. It was a small enough town that everyone knew each other and knew exactly what everyone was doing. There was a nice, large quarry with plenty of food (for now) and a large government building supposedly protecting the town

from bandits.

Thus the business.

Back during the Great War, soldiers came from all over to heal. France, Russia, Britain.. lots of people from lots of different backgrounds and stories.

People were crammed into a 2-floored department store where they would sleep for a while, eat, and eventually return to fighting.

But when 1918 rolled around, it was left completely empty. There were mattresses after mattresses, pillows after pillows. No one knew what to do with it until one day some guy put a 'Motel, 1\$ a night' sign up on the window.

So, long story short, this little 'Business' that my family 'owns' has been passed around, despite how much we all hate it and think it should just go away.

But ever since the major decline in money in the US, my family and I opened the business back up in hopes of earning anything we can.. even if that means working mindless hours with up to 11 customers on a good day.

But at times like this, is there ever a good day?

"Connie, it's been 3 years since Eleven escaped and 7 since Eight escaped. I've given you too much time already and you're asking for more? I swear, I've ought to have your head on a stake if you mess this one up.." Brenner sighed at the younger woman's devotion to finding the escapees.

"I know it sounds crazy, but I'm convinced there out there! Officials seeing fires out of vacant buildings? Flying silverware seen in the home of a veteran, who must I add is never in the same place for more than 3 weeks.. you can't tell me this is normal!" Agent Frazier cried, smashing her hand against the table in front of her.

"Connie, there dead. Eleven was never known to talk, and Eight

spoke French despite our many teachings of English. Not to mention the fact that they both were *extremely* wary of everyone. It is unlikely they survived more than a week even with each other.” Brenner decided with a calm tone, though annoyance was obviously present.

”You don’t know that! Four had been seen wandering around Maine, trash talking anyone who dared confronting him.” Connie muttered smugly.

”Four was the only experiment who spoke perfect English and had pyrokinesis, alongside 5 other dangerous individuals. He thrived souly on his dangerous abilities.”

”Then what about Six and Nine? They both invisibility and escaped before we could do anything to them!” Connie hissed.

”The Byers kids were something else.. Their mother was quite weary about letting the two out of her sight, especially after the short disappearance of Six. You know, the kid you thought would be a good idea to kidnap after he went home?”

”Joyce is no threat. I could take her out like every other fool who tries to challenge this company.”

”Fine, Connie. I’ll make you a deal, you get the younger boy to the lab within a week and I’ll spare you the time and money to look for Eight and Eleven. You don’t get him within a week..”

”Then you stick a bullet in my head.”

”So if if large is grand and room is la chambre, wouldn’t that make Large room grand la chambre?”

”No, it would be la chambre-“

”It would be grande pièce.”

The boy crowded around one of the hotel’s Dining tables as they play around with French cards from school.

"Will's right.."

Because business was expected to be (And was) extremely slow, Mike invited his 4 friends over to mess around and play games as he watched his little sister Holly.

"Unfair! Will's Dad is from Belgium!"

"You're Mom's from Germany, yet I don't see you knowing any German.."

"I know enough German to say fuck you."

"Dustin!"

While usually the boy's would spend their days playing cards or drawing sticks, this particular day they all agreed they should get to practicing their French in case another war does occur.

"What? Do you not like the fact I'm bilingual?"

"Holly's here!"

"She's probably heard worse visiting the Byers.." Lucas sighed as he shuffled the cards for another round.

Will's face went pale with embarrassment. It was true life at home wasn't perfect, but it was all that he had. Because Lonnie was yet to be killed by one of local murders and his mom didn't make enough to support 2 boys and a dog, they were stuck with the abusive man.

"Can we please just move to another word? I don't really like talking about my home life." Will asked meekly.

"Uh, yeah sure. Lucas, what's the word?" Mike asked.

"Small box."

"Petit boîte!" Dustin answered far too quickly to have actually given it any thought.

"Petite boîte.." Will responded, get a nod from Lucas.

"Mother fucker!"

"Dustin!"

As the boys shouted and fought over French cards, they did not note the arrival of Karen Wheeler.

"Mike, what did I say about keeping your friends here after 8?" He asked tieredly as she sat her news paper bag down.

"Oh.. sorry Mom.. but can they please stay a little longer? I'm sure their parents won't mind!" Mike asked happily.

"Sorry kiddo, not on a school night."

"But Mom!" Mike pleaded.

"Not tonight, Micheal." She finished in a stern, harsh, voice.

"Oh! Ms. Wheeler! My mom sent me with some cookies for your hotel!" Dustin noted, changing the subject much to Mike's relief.

"Thank you, Dustin. Here, give your mom this note as my Thanks.. Oh, and can you go ask if Nancy would like one? She should be in the family room."

"Carful Dustin, you might walk in on a full make out session between Nancy and Steve!" Mike added smugly.

"Micheal!"

"I bet I can beat you to your house!" Dustin called out to Will as he started running.

"No fair! You started before me!" Will answered back, also starting to run.

"Well you knew French before the rest of us did, so now we're even!"

Racing each other to see who could get to Will's house first had always been something they did. While sometimes they'd beton

whatever they could, other times they'd run right past each other for bragging rights, though almost always did one of them not look where they were going and would run right into a tree.

This happened to be one of those times.

While Will managed to soar right past Dustin, he managed to trip into the wooded area by the gravel path, injuring his already beaten up knees.

"Shoot, Lonnie's gonna kill me for getting these shorts dirty.." Will whimpered as he attempted to wipe to blood off with his hands.

After a few minutes trying to wipe to blood of, he gave up. Lonnie would get upset with him no matter what he'd do.

As Will picked himself up to walk towards his house, he swore he heard something rusting in the trees, which was odd because there was no wind that night.

He kept walking, his pace quickening as the the rustling (now seemingly footsteps) seemed to get faster and faster.

By now, wil had turned to full blown running, not caring if this thing saw him.

He was so close to his house, all he had to do was open that door and slam it shut, even if it gets Lonnie upset at him.

All he had to do was turn that knob..

But it was locked.

No, no. This was not the time for his parents to start caring about safety

Will started banging on the door, begging anyone to open it.

The only response he got was the obnoxious barking of his dog.

Will kept banging on the door, crying for someone to open it.

He turned around to see the creature- it looked like a person in a large trench coat- only a few feet away.

But then it all happened.

Will had only done it a few time, mainly with Jonathan. He shut his eyes, hoping something would happen, only to open them again to find himself.. gone. He could still see the world around him, but no one could see himself.

He'd never told anyone but Jonathan, not even his Mom. His brother had something like it, though he said he could look like anyone he wanted too, but he never showed him. Said something happened when he was younger.

But this should be enough, enough to sneak away from whoever was chasing him. All he had to do was sneak around the back and that would be fine for now-

"Do I look like idiot, Byers? I know you and your camouflage abilities are there."

"Huh?" Will revealed himself, quickly turning back as he realized his mistake. Cursing himself for what he'd done, he stayed perfectly still. This person couldn't see him. He's fine.

There was pure silence in the woods until Will felt something jab into his right arm.

Opening his eyes and toppling over in pain, he saw what it was.

There in his arm lay an empty syringe.

The world started to spin around him as he lost his balance.

The last thing he heard before completely blacking out was the cries of his dog barking and scratching at the door.

2. Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

1. Should I keep making this? I really don't want to be writing this if no one wants to read it..
2. This story is based in 1930, the second year of The Great Depression. I don't know if I made that obvious, but I'd thought I'd mention it anyway
3. Most of the story (I people want me to keep making it) will be in English, though some characters will speak in other languages. While so far I only have Jane speaking only French and Hopper and Kali speaking both English and French (Kali kind of acting as an interpreter for Jane) I'll try to make sure to add translations at the end notes.
4. I think I'm only going to make this story up too the end of season 1, and even then a lot of the story will be changed.
5. Because the story is based in the early 20th century, I decided not to add any dungeons and dragons characters (The Demorgorgan) but instead made it so the villain is Connie Frazier, though I don have an idea that I'd like to do with her if we ever get that far.
6. Instead of Joyce reporting Will's disappearance to Hopper in the beginning, I've made it so she reports it to Murray Baumann, though Hopper will still be to one doing all the investigations in an unofficial-officer kind of situation.
7. Because of such changes, there is not no police force per say, but there is a news force. (Which is made up of Murray Bauman, Karen Wheeler, and an accountant named Catherine)

8. I wasn't really sure what to call the job Connie Frazier was posing as when she shot Benny and when I asked around at school, my friends told me to call in 'Parent Control?' I'm sorry if that is very wrong ;-(

9. The second scene with Hopper & kids was heavily based on Stephen King's Fire starter, one of the main influences for Hawkin's lab and all its glory

Joyce Byers approached the front door carefully, wincing as she turned the squeaky door knob.

She wasn't supposed to be out this late, not with everything going on in Hawkins, but the family needed money and she couldn't just pass the extra money being offered. She could sleep on her off hours..

As she opened the door, she noticed a foul smell of alcohol and cigarettes lingering in the air, though chose to ignore it as he dove into the couch.

She could sleep on the off hours, she had to stay up..

But it had such a welcoming feel, even if it had the stench of Lonnie and his habits.

Joyce felt herself drift into an unconscious state as the world seemed to spin around her.

She could sleep for 5 minutes, then she'd get up and make breakfast..

Just for a little bit

So maybe '5 minutes' was actually an hour later until Jonathan came to tell her to wake up and not be late for work.

Slowly grabbing the side table to yank herself up, she smoothed out her work clothes- that she seemed to have slept in- as she stood up and balanced herself.

Swiftly making her way over to her eldest son, she noticed the empty

bottles on the counter.

Once they had the money, she'll divorce him, she swears.

"Lonnie must have already left, huh?" She managed to mumble as she pulled out and sat on one of the unsteady chairs.

Jonathan left out a tired laugh, placing a plate with eggs and bread in front of her.

"Oh honey, I'm sorry, I must have over slept.." she choked out through a yawn.

Jonathan ignored her, setting a plate down for himself and sitting down across from her.

"I swear, Will is just go! Go! Go! Every step of the way. The moment you get him up he's out and running without even grabbing breakfast." Joyce laughed, changing the subject.

"Which is surprising considering how late he must of came home and how early he must of left.. he wasn't here when I came home around 11 and wasn't there when I woke up at 5.." Jonathan responding as he picked at his food.

Joyce's face palled. Will may be on the move 24/7, but he always did enjoy his rest and always came home at a good time, so why was yesterday any different?

"Jonathan, you where awake when he came home, correct?" Joyce asked anxiously, rising to her feet as she spoke.

"I mean, no, but he's a good kid, he probably just left for the Wheelers.. and even if he didn't leave this morning, he probably just came home to get his stuff and stay over. Thus the explanation of why Chester was clawing at the door and barking when I myself arrived." Jonathan responded, but Joyce didn't listen. By the time he'd finished talking, she'd already been at the phone desperately dialing the operator.

"Murray, Mrs. Byers is waiting for you in your office and she does not seem to be pleased. See, she's been waiting here since 8 and she something terrible seemed to have happened, and Karen had to deal with her kids after one of them supposedly got sick." Catherine spat out, obviously a little jumpy this morning.

"Why'd she come here? Does it look like I'm some sort of veteran with an entire army with me? Look, love the attention, but why'd you tell her to stay here? I'm running on half a bottle of gin and am in no condition to deal with another case like the time some kids stole some garden gnomes." Murray mumbled out as he walked to the office room.

Catherine just let out an unpleasant grunt of annoyance as she went back to her typewriter, clicking away at the keys in front of her.

Click. Click. Click..

Murray hesitated as he opened the door. Joyce was something special. While he never really had the connection that Hopper and her seemed to have, he'd seen her enough to know that she rarely asked for help and was usually a very quiet girl.

He cringed as he took a look at her.

She really was just that. She'd been wearing the same clothes she'd been wearing when he went to the store at 5:00 am and obviously had very little sleep.

Her hair was a mess and she was so fidgety, he feared she'd knock something off his desk.

What the hell had happened to that family?

"I know I sound crazy, but Karen said the Will wasn't with them, and Jonathan never had any proof that Will ever came home, and-" Joyce broke down in tears as she talked on.

She'd been explaining on how she was convinced that someone took her boy and how he was still out there, yada, yada, yada..

But when Murray had suggested that maybe he did come home late and left early she almost smacked him.

"Joyce, I know you don't want to hear this, but he's probably with Lonnie. I know that he's never had the best relationship with him, calling him gay and abusing him, but maybe he needed a break from Hawkins?"

Joyce glaired at Murray as she spoke in a cold, stern, tone.

"My son would *never* go with that bastard. I don't care if that's the only thing you think could happen, but that's not it. Someone took him and that's the only reasonable explanation."

Murray sighed as he rubbed his eyes, pushing his glasses up on his face.

"Joyce, we live near a lab, a lab! There is no way someone took your son and that lab doesn't know.. or wait! Let me guess! The lab took your son." Murray huffed out sarcastically.

Joyce's facial expression went from worried and confused to angry and upset.

"Burn in hell, Bauman."

Joyce quickly picked up her bag and left, slamming the door as she trotted out.

"I really need a drink." Murray managed to mumble to himself.

"You boys seem to be the only ones who cared enough to talk to the Byers kid, but I want to make this as painless as possible, okay?"

The 3 boys all shook their heads in unison, giving each other concerned glances every now and then.

"Alright perfect. Number one, I need to tell me a little about this kid, was he ever depressed? Did he seem happy? Was there anyway who may have wanted him dead?" Murray asked, pen in hand.

Lucas spoke first, sucking in a breath before speaking.

"Will was.. different. A lot of times he'd come to school with bruises all over and would pass it off as nothing. Though he never really seemed depressed, he'd always been distant from a lot of the other kids.. See, when we first met him, he'd been home schooled with his brother until he was 6 years old and he's barley talked.."

"Oh! And he really likes drawing.. he made this really cool one when we where younger.. Mike keeps it on him, show him Mike!" Dustin continued as Mike ruffled through his satchel, eventually revealing a hand drawn picture.

Murray took the artwork from the kids hands, glancing over the wrinkled art work.

It been a picture of 4 boys, probably of Will and his friends, wearing armor and shields as they fought a dragon.

He wasn't sure what to think of this.. it was artwork, yes, but he couldn't use this to find a missing child in a town notorious for being extremely boring.

"Uh, yeah.. that's a pretty good Dragon.. It's just I asked about-" Murray started but was cut off.

"Great serpent."

"Excuse me?"

Murray watched as the kid who supposedly 'corrected' him got elbowed by one of his friends, toppling over in pain.

"I'm sorry, sir.. Dustin here likes to-" Another one started, though was also cut off.

"You called the beast a dragon. He drew a Great serpent." Dustin managed to squeak out.

And this was Hawkins most useful source..

Murray sighed as he took a glance at the kids, presumably arguing

over weather it was a dragon or a great surpent.

"Get outta here.."

"Hey, Hopper! Haven't seen you since the 1915, how've yah been?" Benny asked, walking out from behind the counter to talk to him.

"Oh you know, same old, same old. It's kind of odd to be back in Hawkins, but according to old friends one of my old friends' kid went missing and needed finding him." Hopper responded with no interest to talk to Benny.

"That's nice of you.. So, how's Diane? You two ever settle down?"

Hopper winced. Sure, he had 'Settled down' with Diane, fuck, even had a kid with her.. but life had really only been going down his as of recently.

"Yeah, yeah. After the war we moved to Indianapolis, settled down, had a kid.." He mumbled, though immediately picked up a menu to end the discussion.

Benny got the memo and walked away, much to Hoppers relief.

Now if only those kids could hurry and get in here.

Okay, so by hoping the the kids would hurry up and get in here, he didn't exactly mean this.

Hopper watched as Benny darted towards the back, yelling something Hopper could not seem to make out.

They didn't..

Hopper waited on edge as he waited for Benny to come back out of the kitchen, though when he did Hopper was less than pleased.

As Benny strutted out, he was holding 2 kids by the arm, confining

them as they struggled to get away.

"Can you believe it, Hop? These two misfits tried to steal from me! Here, you watch them as I call parental control."

Hopper stared down the kids being placed in front of him, forcing himself not to start yelling until Benny walked away.

Waiting for Benny to trot away, Hopper released a breath he didn't know he was holding.

"Shit, girls. Why'd you try to sneak in through the back? You may look like disasters, but the back? It's already bad enough we're constantly on the run." Hopper breathed out, pointing out their worn and shredded clothes.

"Désolé.."

"Jane said sor-"

"I know what she said Kali. You're not the only one who can speak French Aron d here!" He barked out

Kali sunk down to hide herself, earning an apologetic glance for the man.

"Look, I'm sorry. It's just that Hawkins isn't the best place, with the disappearance, and the murders.. I don't know what I'd do if I lost you two.." He choked out.

It wasn't until 1 hour later when was a knock on the door and Benny came back out from the kitchen.

"Well, that was quick! Look, thanks for watching these two, I really owe you one.." Benny turned to Jane and Kali.

"As for you girls, some people are here to bring you to your parents, ok?"

Both Kali and Jane stared at Hopper as if they were giving a silent

plea.

“Je ne pars..” Kali croaked out, doing her best to fake an accent.

Benny stared in total bewilderment, as if he were face to face with a loaded gun.

”Can.. Can you translate? Was that some sort of name? Address? You speak French, right Hopper?” Benny asked, but was cut off by the second round of knocking.

While Benny went to go open it, Jane seemed to plunge into a panic attack- her face went completely pale and she looked like she was about to cry.

But she didn’t.

Instead she seemed to- Break.

She kept repeating the same phrase over and over.

”Ils sont là.” Over and over again.

Hopper turned to Kali, though he didn’t know why.

He didn’t need a transition to know nothing good was coming.

Hopper went to grab the girls and completely run for it, but stopped as Benny dropped to the floor, blood dripping across his forehead.

To stunned to reach for a weapon, he did what any smart person would do at this point.

He grabbed Kali and a still panicked Jane and ran to the back exit.

He didn’t know where he was going, but he could stay here.

Hopper didn’t know how much longer he could run.

They’d been running for over a hour by now without a trace of this ‘Parental services’ director, but he sure wasn’t taking any chances.

He stared down at his shirt to see it trickled with blood, probably from Benny's dead body.

Great.

For being a small town, Hawkins didn't feel very small.

Hopper peered over to see Kali and Jame barely standing up.

All he had to do was find something.. a buggy willing to pick up two kids and a man covered in blood.

He snorted at the idea.

Yeah, that'll work.

He could always go stay with Joyce, but that meant dealing with Lonnie and all his glory.

Or maybe some low price motel?

Hopper pulled out his wallet to find a single bill inside.

That was the agony of never staying in one place for a tops of 3 months, often times packing up and leaving within a day; No money.

Peering over at his 'Adoptive' kids, an idea came to mind.

They just needed to find a hotel first.

"Un la chambre s'il vous plaît." Jane spoke tiredly, holding back a yawn.

Mike stared back in confusion

He remembered 'La chambre' as room, but everything else was just madness.

"I'm sorry, I don't speak--"

"We want a room and will pay you 500\$ upfront." The slightly taller

one spoke, indeed holding out 500\$.

Mike didn't know what to do. Most people didn't have that money, let alone in a single bill.

What does he do? Take it? Repot it?

No, he needed it to badly.

Hastily yanking the bill from the girl's hand, he threw it in the bin and handed them a key.

He watched as the girls and a man (Who was probably their dad) walked off.

First thing tomorrow, he was going to find that Reporter.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorrry to end it here.. I've been up all night and it's currently 4 in the morning and I have a test Tomorrow and- ahh!

I hope you enjoyed?

Désolé - Sorry

Je ne pars - I'm not leaving

Ils sont là - They're here

Un la chambre s'il vous plaît- A room please